Sometimes they became fathers.

If you put us in T-shirts and photographed us holding cricket bats in a park, we'd look just like them. We'd look like keepers dressed for cricket circa 1910, in an old photograph hanging in the corridor of the administration building. There'd be a few more women. That's all.

I once read pages and pages of stuff in the provincial archives. There were letters in patients' files beginning "Dear Reader." There were notes and reports like our own shift entries and incident reports. There were notes from social workers complaining that they'd given patients tickets to the "Ex," but the patients had sold the tickets and used the money to see a show.

I loved to read such stuff. There between two sheets of yellow foolscap would be a spare ticket to the "Ex" eighty years ago.

I wanted our own entries and reports to be preserved. I liked to think of someone like me reading what I wrote. Like me, but not me. Adam said it wouldn't happen. It was the ministry's new policy. After seven years they'd all be burnt. Now that Adam himself has been cremated, I find it unacceptable.

I think it's typically cruel of the authorities to tell us in advance that nothing is to be saved. They do it in the name